# CLASSICAL AND POPULAR

# CONCERT

## ASSOCIATION HALL,

Y.M.C.A. Building, Cor. Yonge & McGill Sts.

*Thursday, Nov. 10th, '87.*

## BOOK OF THE WORDS.

**PRICE FIVE CENTS.**

Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association (Ld.)

**38 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.**

James Murray & Co., Printers, Toronto.

*This Opera has met with an enormous success in London, where it has had a run of 400 consecutive performances. It is now being played at the New York Standard Theatre, and will be produced before long in Toronto.*

# "DOROTHY."

*NEW COMEDY OPERA.*

WORDS BY
B. C. STEPHENSON.

MUSIC BY
ALFRED CELLIER.

| | |
|---|---|
| VOCAL SCORE | $1.25 |
| PIANOFORTE SCORE | 75 |

## VOCAL MUSIC.

| | |
|---|---|
| "Queen of My Heart." In E♭ & F | 40 |
| "Old Dreams." Ladies' version of "Queen of My Heart" | 40 |
| "Be Wise in Time" | 40 |
| "With Such a Dainty Maid" | 40 |
| "With a Welcome for All" | 40 |
| "The Time has Come" | 40 |
| "The Sheriff's Man" | 40 |
| "You Swear to be Good and True." (Quartette) | 50 |

## PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENTS.

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| WINTERBOTTOM'S Selection, as played by all the Military Bands | 60 |
| KUHE'S Fantasia | 60 |
| BOYTON SMITH'S "Queen of My Heart" | 50 |
| "The Graceful Dance" | 40 |
| "The Country Dance" | 40 |

## DANCE MUSIC.

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| QUADRILLE | P. Bucalossi | 50 |
| LANCERS | P. Bucalossi | 60 |
| WALTZ | P. Bucalossi | 50 |
| POLKA | P. Bucalossi | 50 |
| "QUEEN OF MY HEART" VALSE | P. Bucalossi | 60 |

## VIOLIN AND PIANO.

| | |
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| FARMER'S Dorothy | 1.00 |

Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association (Ld.)
38 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

# Programme.

## PART I.

QUARTETTE "Adagio & Rondo," from Grand Quartette in E minor Op. 106. *F. Kühlau.*

THE TORONTO FLUTE QUARTETTE (MESSRS. ARLIDGE, LUBRAICO, GLIONNA AND HERBERT LYE).

SONG "Jackets o' Blue," or A Sailor's Jubilee *John A. MacMeikan.*

MR. FRED. WARRINGTON.

ARIA - - - { "Ah non credea" / "Ah non giunge" } La Sonnambula. - - *Bellini.*

MADAME F. D'AURIA.

PIANOFORTE SOLO "Grand Fantasia in F minor" - - *Chopin.*

MR. THOMAS MARTIN.

SONG - - - - - "The Distant Shore" - *Sir Arthur Sullivan.*

FLUTE SOLO - Paganini's "Witches' Dance" - *Arr. by T. Bucher.*

MR. J. CHURCHILL ARLIDGE.

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## PART II.

SONG - - - - "My Sweetheart When a Boy" *Wilford Morgan.*

MR. FRED. WARRINGTON.

{ *a.* SONG - - "The Love that Came Too Late" - - *Paolo Tosti.*
{ *b.* BALLAD - - - "Dolly's Revenge" - - - - *H. Pontet.*

MADAME F. D'AURIA.

PIANOFORTE SOLO { *a.* "Berceuse" - - - - - - - *G. Delbruck.*
{ *b.* "Grand March" Wagner's Tannhauser *Liszt.*

MR. THOMAS MARTIN.

SONG - - - "The Touch of a Vanished Hand" - *Ciro Pinsuti.*

MRS. MACKELCAN.

TRIO - - - - Two Flutes and Piano Concertante - *G. Kummer.*

MESSRS. ARLIDGE, LUBRAICO, AND CARL MARTENS.

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Accompanists: Signor D'Auria and Mr. Carl Martens.

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**The "Steinway" Grand Pianoforte used on this occasion is from the Warerooms of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer.**

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SONG "**Jackets o' Blue,**" **or a Sailor's Jubilee** *J. A. MacMeikan.*

MR. FRED. WARRINGTON.

I was but a fisher-lad,
Haulin' nets along wi' dad,
But my arm was lusty and my step was light ;
I could scull a boat along,
Dance a reel, and sing a song,
And could strike a blow for Honour and for Right.
Well, 'twas just on thirty-eight,
I was growin' tall and straight,
And my Nancy was the pink of all the town ;
When a gallant navy crew,
With their Jackets all o' blue,
Came abreast as we was walkin' up and down.

Sing yeo ho ! aboard we'll go
To sail the sea.
We'll ply them well with shot and shell
For England free.
They'll be sorry that they spoke,
For we're all of British oak,
And we'll serve our Queen and country
As long as we can see.

Then says they, my sailor lad,
Leave your sweetheart and your dad,
Ye can join 'em when to sea with us ye've been ;
We're for volunteers alone,
Now, Victoria's on the throne,
There's no "pressin'" for to serve our gracious Queen ;
Then says I, "'tis better far
To be every inch a tar,
Though 'tis hard to slip my cable, lass, from you ;
But I'll hail my bride one day
From the squadron in the bay,
And ye'll wed me in my jacket all o' blue."

Well, 'twas fifty years ago
When we sail'd from Plymouth Hoe,
And we've had a rough-and-tumble time at sea;
But we've dealt the foe hard knocks,
And we've run 'em on the rocks,
And we've felt the flush of glorious victory.
We've a cottage snug and taut,
Looking down upon the port,
And a brace of fine young tars as e'er you've seen;
And I live my life again
Now they're both upon the main,
For we've piped all hands to serve our gracious Queen.

*This Song is published by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association; it may be obtained in keys Bb (bass) and D (baritone).*

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ARIA - - { "**Ah non credea**" / "**Ah non giunge**" } La Sonnambula - - *Bellini.*

MADAME F. D'AURIA.

Ah! non credea mirarti
Si presto estinto, O fiore
Passa sti al par d'amore
Che un giorno solo, che un giorno solo durò
Passasti a par d'amore
Che un giorno, che un giorno sol durò
Potria novel vigore
Il pianto, il pianto mio recarti
Ma ravvivar l'amore
Il pianto mio, ah no, no non priò
Ah non credea, ah non credea
Passasti al par, al par d'amor,
Che un giorno sol durò.

Ah! non giunge uman pensiero
Al contento ond'io son piena
A'mici sensi io credo appena
Tu mi affida o mio tesor.
Ah! m'abbracia, e sempre insieme,
Sempre uniti in una speme
Della terra in cui viviamo
Ci formiamo un ciel d'amor.

[TRANSLATION.]

Yes for thee time's power
Thy beauties hath wither'd, sweet flower,
Thou flourished one little hour
Then wither'd, perish'd, just like his love.
One little hour thou flourished
Then perished like his love,
While mem'ry each flower endears,
And each faded leaf appears
Reviv'd by these fond tears
They can't revive his love.
Ah, yes for thee time's power
Thy beauties all have withered
Then perish'd like his love.

Do not mingle one human feeling
With the bliss o'er each sense stealing,
While these tributes to me revealing
My Elvino true to love.
Ah, embrace me, while thus forgiving
Each a pardon is thus receiving,
On the earth while we are living
We will form a heav'n of love.

PIANOFORTE SOLO "Grand Fantasia in F minor" - - *Chopin.*

MR. THOMAS MARTIN.

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SONG - - - - - "**The Distant Shore**" - - *Sir A. Sullivan.*

MRS. F. MACKELCAN.

A maiden sat at her door
And sighed as she looked at the sea,
"I've a dear, dear love on a distant shore
A dying for news of me."
And the Wind was listening near,
And saw that the maid was fair,
So the kind Wind whisper'd a hope in her ear,
As he played with her bright brown hair :
"Be of good cheer, sweet heart,
I fly to that distant shore,
Thy lover I'll tell thou lovest him well
Ever and ever more."

The maiden dried her eyes,
And a smile shone over her face,
For she saw bright hope in the changing skies
As the Wind flew off apace,
And she bade the Wind good speed,
"Hurry, oh Wind," said she,
"Ah, say that I love him, indeed and indeed,"
And the Wind cried over the sea,
"Be of good cheer, dear heart,
I fly to that distant shore,
Thy lover I'll tell thou lovest him well
Ever and evermore."

The Wind tore over the wave,
Scattering ocean spray,
But, alack, the lover he flew to save
He met on his homeward way,
And his good ship sunk in the gale,
And ev'ry soul beside,
And the Wind came sobbing to tell the tale,
And the maiden droop'd and died.
Be of good cheer, poor heart,
At rest on a distant shore,
Where thou and thy lover walk hand in hand
Ever and evermore.

*This Song is published in keys Eb, F & G, by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association.*

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FLUTE SOLO - Paganini's "Witches' Dance" *Arr. by T. Bucher.*

MR. J. CHURCHILL ARLIDGE.

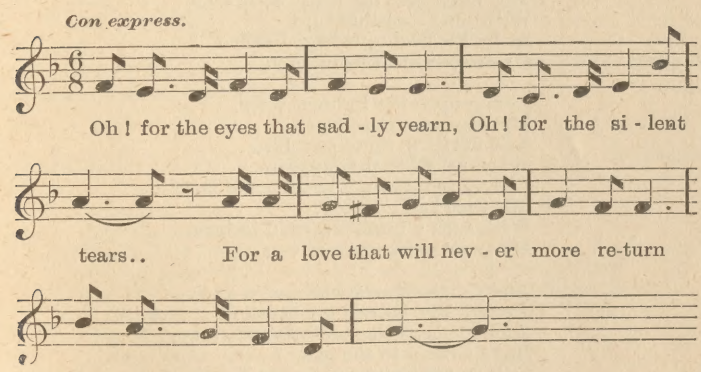
ADVERTISEMENT.

# "THE OLD LOVE."

**In F (compass C to D) and A♭. Price 40c.**

WORDS BY
***F. E. WEATHERLY.***

MUSIC BY
***PAUL RODNEY.***


Con express.
Oh! for the eyes that sad - ly yearn, Oh! for the si - lent
tears.. For a love that will nev - er more re-turn
Out of the by - gone years....

Just a face in a crowd, just a face that I met;
But the look that lies in the longing eyes, I never shall forget;
Just a face in a crowd, longing and looking in vain—
For a dream that is fled, for a rose that is dead,
For a love to come back again.
Oh! for the eyes that sadly yearn, Oh! for the silent tears;
For a love that will never more return out of the bygone years.

Just a word in my ear, just a look in my eyes,
And the birds are telling it all so clear, up in the golden skies,
Just a face in a crowd, looking but not in vain;
For the dream may be fled, and the rose may be dead,
But the love may come back again.
Oh! for the hearts that are beating fast, Oh! for our happy tears;
For my love has come to my heart at last, out of the bygone years.

The Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association (Ld.)
38 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

## PART II.

SONG - - **"My Sweetheart When a Boy"** *Wilford Morgan.*

MR. FRED. WARRINGTON.

Tho' many gentle hearts I've known,
And many a pretty face,
Where love sat gaily on his throne,
In beauty and in grace.
Yet, never was my heart enthrall'd
With such enchanted joy
As by the darling whom I called
My sweetheart when a boy.

I hung upon her lightest word,
My very joys were fears,
And flutter'd timid as a bird
When sunshine first appears.
I never thought my heart could rove,
Life then had no alloy,
With such a truth I seem'd to love
My sweetheart when a boy.

And yet the dream has pass'd away,
Though like it liv'd it passed,
Each moment was too bright to stay,
But sparkled to the last.
Still on my heart the beams remain
In gay unclouded joy
When I remember her again—
My sweetheart when a boy.

*This Song is published in C (baritone) and Eb (tenor), by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association.*

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SONG - - **"The Love That Came Too Late"** *F. Paolo Tosti.*

MADAME F. D'AURIA.

She sits beside her lonely fire,
She reads his letters there,
The words of hope and love and trust,
And all that made life fair.
And now that he has gone from her,
How can she throw them by?
For all her heart and all her love
In those dear letters lie.
Ah! well a day that some must part,
Ah! well a day that some must wait,
But, ah, the hopeless, lonely heart
That only finds its love too late.

They parted long and long ago—
No matter how or why—
Too late, too late, she knows it now,
The love that cannot die.
But yet she would not check her tears,
Or wish they ne'er had met:
'Tis happier to have loved in vain,
Than love and then forget.
Ah! well a day that some must part,
Ah! well a day that some must wait,
But, ah, the hopeless, lonely heart
That only finds its love too late.

*This Song is published in keys Bb, C & D, by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association.*

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BALLAD - - - - **"Dolly's Revenge"** - - - - *H. Pontet.*

MADAME F. D'AURIA.

My false love and I one noon-day in July
Strolled by the banks of the rippling river Dee,
The summer smiled around, there scarcely was a sound
But the beating of my heart and the humming of the bee;
I was pulling at my glove, for I knew no words of love
Would greet my anxious ears that day.
Upon a fallen tree, that lay across the Dee,
We sat, and thus he spoke to my dismay:—
"Now, Dolly, we must part, tho' I'm sorry in my heart—
But ambition calls me hence, from home and thee—
I must go to London town, I must win a Lord Mayor's gown,
And of course must wed a maid of high degree;
I *must* be a knight, a man of mighty might,
And a knight and village maid would ne'er agree:
To regret me would be folly, so forget me, dearest Dolly."
But I gazed in silent sadness down the rushing river Dee!
I felt my heart a-swelling, and I felt the tears a welling,
But I knew full well he wasn't worth a thought;
So chasing all my sadness, in a mood of merry madness,
A plan of sweet revenge I swiftly wrought:—
'Twas a leafless, wither'd tree that lay across the Dee,
And the false one sat midway upon the beam,
Just one gentle push I gave, and splashing, 'mid the wave,
Behold the traitor floating down the stream!
"Good-bye, Sir Knight of the order of the 'bath,'"
Seek now a maid of high degree;
You long'd for swift promotion, if you swim down to the ocean
Perhaps you'll find a mermaid in the deep, deep sea.

*This Ballad is published in keys D, Eb & F, by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association.*

PIANOFORTE SOLO { *a.* "Berceuse" - - - - - - *G. Delbruck.*
*b.* "Grand March" Wagner's Tannhauser *Liszt.*

MR. THOMAS MARTIN.

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SONG - - **"The Touch of a Vanished Hand"** *Ciro Pinsuti.*

MRS. MACKELCAN.

When the bells that called my love to rest
Were ringing in the vesper chime,
I wish'd their music could bear my soul
Away from the things of time;
And my spirit was heavy laden
As I breath'd an old, old prayer,
For the cross of care that I carried
Was greater than I could bear.

As I wept alone in my sorrow,
The gleam of the dying day
Thro' the open lattice softly kiss'd
The harp that she used to play,
And, sweet as an echo from heaven,
I heard its music once more,
And the burden of life was uplifted,
And the pain of parting was o'er.

Was it the breath of an angel's wing
That passed o'er the golden wires?
Was it the sound of a long lost voice
That fell from angel choirs?
Was it the touch of a spirit hand
That swept o'er each silent string,
And hush'd the sorrows of earth to rest
With words that angels sing?

I heard the sound of an old, old song,
Once more in that mystic strain,
A song we sung in the bygone years,
And shall some day sing again;
For it told me I should meet my love
At the portals of the skies,
To sing once more, as we used to sing,
In the land of paradise.

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TRIO - - - Two Flutes and Piano Concertante, - *G. Kummer.*

MESSRS. ARLIDGE, LUBRAICO AND CARL MARTENS.

END OF CONCERT.

PIANOS.

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

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The prettiest Waltz of the season is "Tendresse," by Waldteufel; the prettiest Polka is "Buffalo Bill," by May Ostlere. The prettiest Lancers are called "They all Love Jack," they are arranged for Bombay or Saratoga. These pieces may be obtained of all music dealers, or of the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association, 38 Church Street, Toronto.

# New and Popular Songs.

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| "The Boys in Blue" | H. Trotére | 50 |
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| | | |
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| "Yellow Roses" | Michael Watson | 40 |
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| "Venetian Boat Song." (Sop. & Cont.) | J. Blumenthal | 50 |
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